1621.c.2

THE GARLAND of TRIALS,

In Three PARTS.

PART I The unfortunate Birth of a Knight's Daughter, who was born to be a Whore, Thief, and Murderer, with her Father's Contrivance to prevent her Shame.

PART II. How she had a Son by a 'Squire unmarried, to which Babe he gave a Gold Cup; shewing how she stabb'd the Child, and went away with the Cup.

PART III. How in Process of Time, unknown to each other, she was at her Son's Wedding and gave him this Gold Cup, by which the 'Squire knew her. Also, the 'Squire's Behaviour, threatning to cut her in Pieces, and in the Midst of Sorrow, instead of killing her, made her his Wife, and had Twelve Thousand Pounds to her Portion.

Licensed and entered according to Order.

The GARLAND of Trials, &c.

PART I. *The unfortunate Birth of a Knight's Daughter; who was born to be a Whore, Thief, and Murderer*, &c. Tune of, *The Fisherman's Daughter.*

THIS noble Relation which I am to write,
Behold it's concerning a great Baronet,
Who five Years was married, in which I protest,
This noble Baron with a Child was not blest.

At length this fair Lady conceived with Child,
At which this great Knight and his Lady both smil'd;
When Time was expired a Daughter was born,
At whose Birth the Father in Tears then did mourn.

Her Nativity he did then calculate,
And found she was born for to suffer by fate:
This Knight by the ruling of Planets did see,
A Whore, Thief, and Murderer, she born was to be.

He said, when she's up to Maturity got,
For Sake of her Portion some villianous Sot,
Perhaps may defile her before hand and so,
This may be the first Step of her Overthrow.

To prevent all this Danger this Shift I will make
Some Farmer, a Tenant, of mine shall her take,
As a Child of his own, she shall be confin'd,
In which Station, no Fop, perhaps may her find.

To this wise Consult his fair Lady agreed,
With one of his Tenants she was plac'd with Speed
Who had for her Boarding thirty Pound a Year,
And good Education they gave her we hear.

Dutiful

Dutiful Obedience unto them ſhe paid,
Thinking them her Parents, their Will ſhe obey'd;
And when this Knight came there his Rent to receive,
He unto this Girl a Guinea did give.

Fifteen Years and upwards this Girl ſtaid there,
This Farmer and his Wife went both to a Fair,
Leaving this yonng Lady at Home for to ſtay,
And now mark what happen'd when they were away

As ſhe was a ſtanding that Day at the Door;
An old Man begg'd of her, who look'd very poor,
My Parents are from Home, ſhe to him reply'd,
And to give their Subſtance, I dare not ſhe cry'd.

To hear this, the old Begger ſaid with a Smile,
You are kept in Ignorance I'll tell thee my Child:
They are not your Parents who you honour here,
Your Father's a Knight worth ſix Thouſand a Year.

Such a Man's your Father, his Lady your Mother,
Beſide you of Children they ne'er had no other;
She ſaid, I am ſtarted to hear this from you,
He ſaid, what I tell you is certainly true.

For this News, ſhe ſaid, there's Five Shillings for thee
And into this Matter I further will ſee;
When the Father came Home at Night, then he ſmil'd,
And ſay's what's for Supper my dear only Child.

Her Anſwer was to him, what makes you talk ſo,
I am none of your Child, you very well know;
Such a Man's my Father, and I tell you plain,
I'll be ſatisfy'd before I ſleep again.

She took Horſe and rid to this Noble Knight's Gate,
Where he and his Lady both ſtood very great;
He ſaid, Girl, how doth thy Parents both do?
Her Anſwer was, Sir, that is beſt known to you.

The Girl talks madly, he ſaid, let me know,
Upon what Account thou haſt anſwer'd me ſo;
She ſaid, Sir, a Begger-man came to the Door,
And told me that you are my Father before.

If

If this Thing be true, Sir, prav tell unto me,
Why I was put off ſo in my Infancy;
This muſt be allowed when I was born firſt,
I was than incapable of giving Diſguſt.

So far to be baniſh'd for fifteen long Years,
The Truth of this Matter, dear Sir, let me hear,
Then he ſhew'd a Reaſon for what he had done,
At which News the Tears down her fair Cheeks did run.

And cry'd, if it is ſo, it's a very hard Lot,
Which may in your noble Scutcheon cauſe a Blot;
For Fear of Honour I ſhould bring a Diſgrace,
Give me a Child's Part, and I will quit this Place.

With Tears they embrac'd her, and for her did pray,
With Riches on Horſe-back ſhe then rid away:
To the North of *England*, this young Lady went,
And there in ſome lone-houſe ſhe pitched her Tent.

PART II.

HER Proviſion was brought by a Woman who,
Brought it once a Week, then away did go,
And for her Diverſion this young Lady bright,
She play'd a Spinnet, her Heart to Delight.

And as ſhe was playing moſt ſweetly one Day,
A young 'Squire by Chance was riding that way;
Who hearing this Muſic, then vowed he would ſee,
Who in that ſmall Cottage then play'd ſo ſweetly.

This 'Squire he knock'd, and call'd o'er and o'er,
Saying, open unto me, or I will break the Door;
For to force it open he then did begin,
At which this young Lady ſtraightway let him in.

And ſaid, Sir, be civil for I am a Maid,
Who am of all Females of Man moſt afraid:
He ſaid, I'll not harm thee, and did her embrace,
Having ſat a While ſoon he quitted the Place.

This

This young Lady's Beauty ſo charm'd him we find,
That this noble 'Squire could not reſt in his Mind;
From ſeeing her daily, he could not r[illegible]ain,
And by often coming her Love he did obtain.

She often promis'd him faithfully for to be his Bride;
For this Solemnizing they both did provide;
The Night before hand, with this Lady he lay,
And went off protelling to wed her next Day.

Next Morning ſhe look'd for the 'Squire to come,
But he was confin'd for to ſtay at Home,
That Night a ſtrong Fever this 'Squire had ſeiz'd,
And becauſe he came not, ſhe was much diſpleas'd.

Crying, this will make my dear Father's Word true,
My Honour is ſtain'd, for which Cauſe I ſhall rue;
Becauſe he has thus diſappointed me now,
If he comes To-morrow; I'll not have him I vow.

When able to ſit up this young 'Squire came,
The cauſe of his tarry he told his fair Dame;
And ſaid, Love I o-morrow I'll make you my Bride;
Sir, for my Oath's Sake, I'll never have you ſhe cry'd.

My Honour is ſtain'd, which will bring me to ſhame,
No one but myſelf for this Thing I can blame,
He ſaid, let us marry to prevent all ſtrife?
Her Anſwer was Sir, I'll never be your Wife.

Tho' not joined in Marriage, this young 'Squire he,
Came three Times a Week this fair Lady to ſee;
And when the Time drew near for her to lye down,
He got her a Lodging nearer to the Town.

When Time was expired, a young Son ſhe had;
And hearing 'twas a Son, this 'Squire was glad:
Before this young Lady began to ſit up,
He preſented this Babe with a Golden Cup.

On which was his Name and Coat of Arms at large,
Of this Cup he gave the Babe's Mother Charge,
Saying, that's my Infant's, don't looſe it I pray;
So then he embrac'd her, and did go away.

PART

PART III.

NOW mark, good people, and you soon shall hear,
To her Babe this Mother she prov'd severe:
She sent this Nurse out, and with speed did provide,
For to kill this Child, stabbing it ott in the Side.

Saying, with this Stabb, I am sure thou wilt die:
She took this Gold Cup, and away she did hie,
And in Widow's Dress wand'red to *Liverpool*,
Where being well learn'd, she did keep a School.

It happen'd the Nurse return'd with Speed,
And found the Babe living whose Side did then bleed;
When the 'Squire came there, and saw what was done,
He was griev'd, and thro' Mercy, preserv'd his Son.

Near *Liverpool* Town this 'Squire had a Farm,
And to keep his Darling free from all Harm,
With his Tenant's Wife, this young Babe he did place,
Where it was well sucked and grew up apace.

When this Child was able, to School it did go,
Unto it's own Mother, who did him not know;
She oftentimes kiss'd him, and said with a Smile,
I can shew no Reason for loving this Child.

When eighteen Years old, he was then very tall,
Of a fair Complexion and comely withal;
To this Woman's Daughter who nurs'd him, we find,
By the 'Squire's Consent, he in Marriage was join'd.

He said, my School Mistress in me took Delight,
For which to my Wedding I will her invite,
And being invited, like one innocent,
To her Scholar's, Wedding, the School Mistress went.

Next Morning before those young Couple were up,
This School Mistress came with her Golden Cup,
And unto this Bridegroom this Cup she did give,
Saying, for my Sake keep it as long as you live.

He

He ſaid, that I will, and thank'd her for the ſame,
Soon after the 'Squire into the Room came: (ake,
This School Miſtreſs knew him, whoſe Heart then did
Knowing herſelf guilty, her Joints they did ſhake.

At firſt Sight, this Gold Cup, the 'Squire he knew,
And ſaid to the Bridegroom, who gave this to you?
He ſaid, Sir, that Woman gave it unto me,
I think it's the fineſt Cup, Sir, that ever you ſee.

The 'Squire, reply'd, a rich Cup I declare.
There's my Name and Coat of Arms on it, I'll ſwear;
The 'Squire ſaid, Woman, come tell me thy Name,
And how you at firſt with this Golden Cup came.

For fear of his Wrath ſhe then ſwooned away,
And when Senſe returned. the 'Squire did ſay,
Come tell me thy Name, or elſe with all ſpeed,
I will draw my Rapier, and ſtick thee indeed.

She told him her Name, then this Thing being done,
He ſaid, if it be ſo, pray where is my Son,
Whom I gave this Cup to? ſhe cry'd, he is dead:
I ſtabb'd him, and for fear of hanging, then fled.

He ſaid, wicked Woman, as I have thee found,
Thy Blood for his ſhall be ſpilt on the Ground;
For killing my Darling while Paſſion is hot,
I will cut thee as ſmall as Herbs for the Pot.

With trembling Joints, on her Knees ſhe did cry,
For killing my Babe, I deſerve for to die,
He ſaid, before that I take thy Life away,
I'll give thee two Hours in Private to pray.

Then in a dark Cloſet, he lock'd her up, where
This ſorrowful Lady for Death did prepare:
That while to the Bridegroom away he did go,
And gave him the Truth of this Matter to know.

He ſaid, ſhe's your Mother, and thinks you are dead,
I am one that will not wrong a Hair in her Head;
So into this Cloſet he went furiouſly,
And ſaid, wicked Woman prepare now to die.

To

To ſee him with glittering Sword in his Hand,
With Sighs and deep Groans, ſhe before him did ſtand,
And cry'd, Sir, kill me the firſt Stroke beſure,
That I may not lie tortur'd in my Gore.

To hear theſe expreſſions, a Sigh he did fetch,
He kiſs'd her, and unto his Arms did her catch;
Saying, be not troubled, thou Joy of my Life,
The Bridegroom's your Son, who you ſtabb'd with a (Knife.

This mournful Lady to be ſatisfy'd,
They ſhewed her the Place which ſhe ſtabb'd in his Side;
For Joy to the Bridegroom ſhe gave Kiſſes ſtore,
And cry'd, now I hope, all my Sorrows are o'er.

The 'Squire ſaid to her, ſeeing it is ſo
That our Child lives, will you have me or no?
To-morrow lets marry to finiſh the Strife,
To this ſhe conſented, and was made his Wife.

She ſaid to the 'Squire, I'll tell you my Dear,
My Father's a Knight of ſix Thouſand a Year;
And where he is living that I can tell,
For to ride and ſee Love, I hold it well,

To her Father's Houſe then they both rode with ſpeed,
When her Parents ſaw her, they both ſmil'd indeed;
For Joy they embrac'd her, while Tears did run down
And gave her a Portion of twelve Thouſand Pounds.

And this worthy 'Squire, 'tis very well known,
Enjoy'd five Hundred a Year of his own;
He gave his Eſtate to his Son, and behold,
Threeſcore and ten Pieces of broad ſhining Gold.

So now I will leave them in Joy all to live,
Great Comfort and Pleaſure on Earth to receive;
And now by this Lady, the World may ſee,
Tho' they be rich born, there's Troubles to be.

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FINIS.